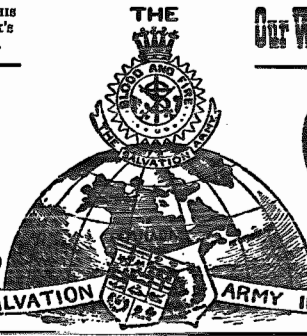


Read 1st Chapter of "Scotch Bob" In this
WEEK'S
ISSUE.

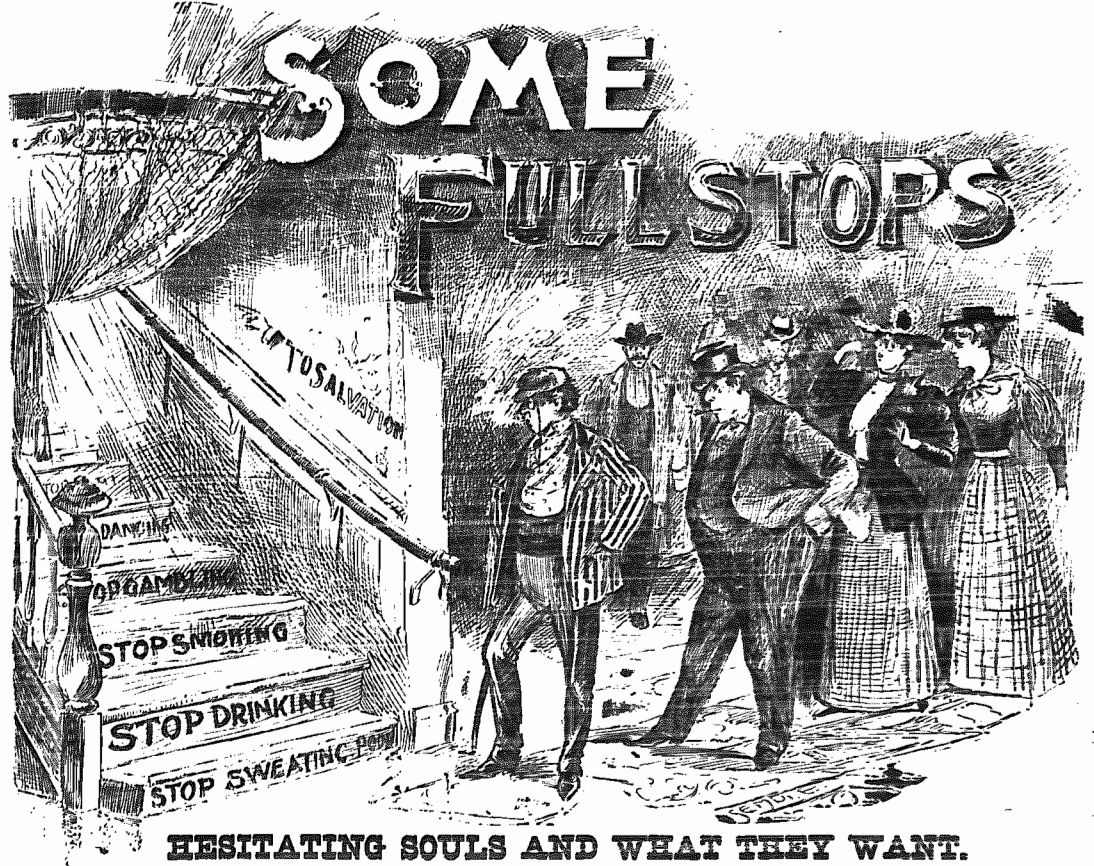
Our War Cry Representative Down East. WATCH
COMING
CATS.

WAR



CRY

VOL. XL. NO. 41. [General of the U. A. Forces throughout the world.] TORONTO, JULY 13, 1895. [Commissioner for Canada and Newfoundland.] PRICE 5 CENTS.



HESITATING SOULS AND WHAT THEY WANT.

FIRST, A REPENTANT SPIRIT, THEN AN OBEDIENT HEART.



HERE are many of them, too many for us to detail. Everybody hasn't the same to confront them, but in every sinner's case there is some barrier, some hindrance, some full-stop, which they look at and ponder over, and sometimes palliate, but which in the great majority of cases, is allowed to remain, and how often it becomes

The Very Bridge

over which they are borne to a

never-ending, dark, sorrowful eternity.

The poor drunkard, though no bigger a sinner than the rest, will blindly allow himself to be ruined, body and soul, through the cursed drink. He may try and try again to conquer the habit, but he generally fails. Why? Because he seeks help from within, and it cannot be had. Bless God, as soon as he is willing to quit his sins and climb the stairs of repentance, he will find the loving arms of his Saviour put round him, and all his evil desires shall be taken

away. So with the other hesitating and procrastinating souls. Little use for them to start for God unless in their inmost heart they are willing and determined to denounce their idols for ever. How little is REAL repentance understood! There are thousands, yea, I believe, millions, who boast that they confess their sins to God every night, and ask forgiveness, and yet

Remain Strangers

to the pardoning love of God. You ask why? Simply because they con-

found mere regret with repentance. There is no repentance without a profound longing to eternally separate yourself from the hated thing. This is beautifully set forth by Christ Himself in the parable of the Prodigal Son. Not only was the prodigal sorry for his past, but he LEFT AT ONCE the old associates and came home mourning.

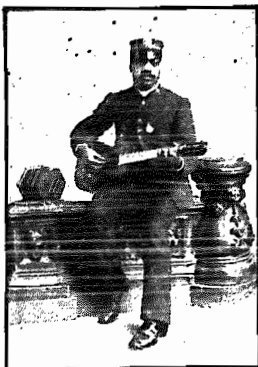
As soon as these souls are willing to separate themselves from what now hinders them reaching the high level of "Salvation," the path becomes easy.

HAVE YOU ANY HINDRANCES?

Then Agrippa Said unto Paul, Almost Thou Persuadest Me to be a Christian.

Acts xviii. 27.

The War Cry Witness Box.



Bro. Nicholas Davis, of Hamilton,
Speaks.

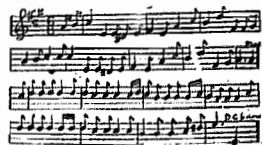
I HAVE been asking my God to give me something to say through our S. A. Gazette that would be a blessing to some one, and can say, first of all, I love Jesus with all my heart, and am living to do His will in all things. If I did not have that kind of religion I would go down on my knees just now and plead with God to give just such sacrificing grace as that, but thank God I am His to fight, or even die, if needs be, for the Christ that has shed His precious blood for me on the cruel cross. I would say to all who have taken upon themselves the name of Jesus, and have avowed their determination to stick to and fight for God in the Salvation Army—remember, it means being misrepresented, misunderstood, and plenty of persecution; but if you will only take your eyes and mind off these things and centre them on Christ and His suffering for you, and ask God to help you, they will all vanish and God will give you a conquering experience. Hallelujah.

NICHOLAS DAVIS,
43 Ferguson Ave., South.

The Great Salvation Army.

BY BANDSMAN NICHOLAS DAVIS.

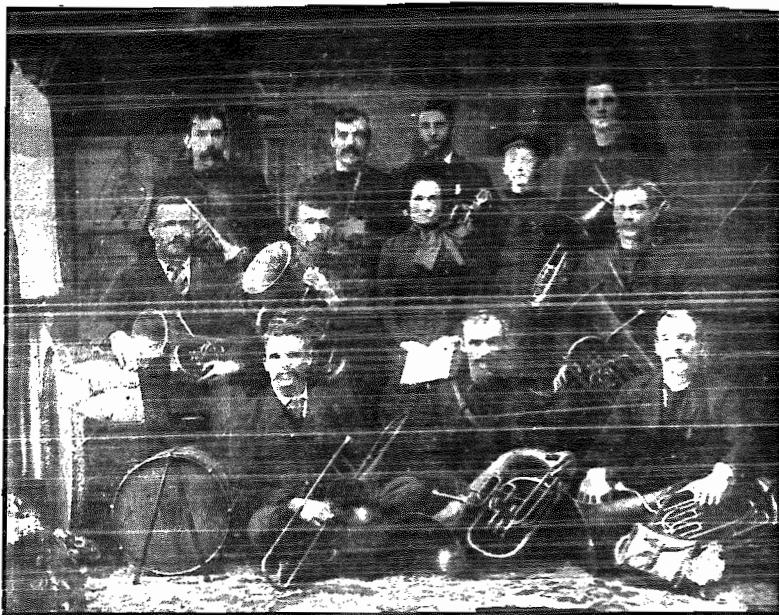
Tune—"Captain Jacks."



I'm a soldier in the Salvation ranks,
Some people say we are a lot of
cranks,
But we are content to give God
thanks,
For the great Salvation Army.
The devil he does often try,
Often try,
Does often try, the devil he doth
often try
To get me out of the Army.

Chorus.

I'm a soldier in the Salvation ranks,
I have learned in all things to give
thanks,
Yes! even when I am called a crank,
In the great Salvation Army.
They may call me what they like
below,
So long as I am full of Salvation go,
To win the world for God, you know,
And the great Salvation Army.
To thrash the devil is my delight, is
my delight, is my delight,
To thrash the devil is my delight,
Since I got saved in the Army.



A D. son.
G. Hall.

Bandmaster Duggan. A. Cowie.
R. Teasdale, C. Patton
Duggan. Wm. B. ae.

Ernie D. Diamond.
J. Slack
C. Barrall
D. M. Kirgan.

So to sin and the devil I have said
farewell,
You cannot drag me down to hell,
I mean with Jesus Christ to dwell,
In Heaven's Salvation Army;
So the devil need no more to try,
No more to try, no more to try,
So the devil need no more to try,
To get me out of the Army.

Come, all you lads and lassies brave,
Unto our Jesus and get saved,
And let your joyful hearts give praise
To the God of the Salvation Army;
Don't let that awful not-to-night,
Not-to-night, not-to-night!
Don't let that awful not-to-night,
Escape your lips in the Army.

Are You Bitten?

NEAR NEWBURG, N.Y., a mad dog
created intense excitement. It ran
through the streets snapping and
snarling at everyone it met. People
scattered right and left. The creature
finally rushed foaming into the
woods and vanished, eluding the
search party organized to despatch
him.

Would to God the world in general
was AS TERRIFIED AT

THE VIOLENT SAVAGES

OF THE ARCH-ENEMY going about
like a roaring lion seeking whom he
may devour. Yet the insidious poison
of sin is far more to be dreaded
than hydrophobia, far more ghastly in
its result.

Poor, stricken sinner, with the
deathly venom purpling your veins,
would you have that cruel, gripping
wound cauterized? Then come to the
Divine Physician. His blood only can
put new life within you.

A GRAND ARMY man bought 10
War Crys in one meeting and distributed
them among the congregation.

A SPOKANE SALOONIST once told
the Captain he would buy a hundred
War Crys if the Army held an open-air
meeting in front of his place. The open-air
was held in the locality requested. Into the rig stepped Mr.
Saloonist with his \$5 gold piece and
demanded the Cry. The Captain
rushed a messenger to the barracks
for the noble 100 and gave them to the
man.

That "Useful Weed."

IN VINELAND, N.J., the devil upset
some earnest revival services by
a simple, little device. He set the
people sneezing. Several packages of
powder came in through an open
window. The dignified deacons on the
front seat began to sneeze. A
wealthy and leading lady began to
cough. The choir started to take up
the song, but the organist was
obliged to

PAUSE TO SNEEZE.

The pastor looked surprised, and gave
out the second verse, but he, too,
stopped, spluttering and coughing.
Everybody in a few minutes was
sneezing violently. The service was
hopelessly abandoned. The packages
contained snuff.

BWARE OF THE DEVIL'S SNUFF.
You don't always see it come in thro'
the open windows in paper parcels,
but it will soon upset the service for
you, and your whole peace with God.

An Infernal Traffic

THE AWFUL EVIL of the slavery
of white female children to Chinamen,
which has long been suspected
by the authorities, is being investigated
by the Society for the Prevention
of Cruelty to Children. There is
every indication that degraded mothers
near Mott and Bell streets, N. Y.,
sell their children. The traffic is organized,
with an old woman at the head,
whose duties are those of a go-between.
Alas for the ghastly evils in the world that are

"LONG SUSPECTED"

and left at that left, whine! **FEATHERING HOKKOBRA SHRIEK TO HEAVEN AND EARTH** for an eye to pity and a hand to save.

Alas, for the world-worshipping mothers who sell their daughters to the god of mammon, betraying them, in their innocence—Judas-like—with a kiss!

The Salvation Army is the only Church in the world which compels abstinence from rum, and, therefore, the only church that does not knuckle down more or less to the rum oligarchy.—The True Reform.

Holiness Psalmody.

Tune—"Now the chains of sin are broken."

Holy Spirit, God of Fire,
Come just now, just now;
Fill my soul with great desire,
Just now, just now.

Chorus.

Hallelujah, hallelujah! I look for His power,
I'm believing and receiving, this very hour.

Come revealing, come destroying
All the wrong in my soul,
Perfect love and peace bestowing,
Come and make me fully whole.

For Thy service, oh, baptize me,
With the blood and the fire;
With Thy Spirit anoint me,
'Tis my heart's sole desire.

CAPT. SIMS, Sec.

(c)-(c)-(c)

Tunes—With panting heart that dares to seek, "B.J." 6; Beulah Land, "B.J." 169.

Upon God's promise I have stepped.
By His great power my life is kept;
On foaming waves or rippling sea
His grace abundant is for me.

Chorus.

Christ is mine! Christ is mine!
His face upon my way doth shine,
His power is all I need to go
Through every conflict here below;
Christ is mine! Christ is mine!
His face upon my way doth shine.

Sometimes the gloomy things about
Would tempt my trusting soul to doubt.

By faith I look about and see
That Jesus stands and smiles on me.
The tempter old would enter in,
And plead a compromise with sin;
But I can only victory find
By living pure in act and mind.

The fading things of time and space
I tuck fornahe when I go hence;
When death's dark tide my feet shall
lave,
Then none but Jesus Christ can save.
CAPT. W. RITCHIE, Toronto.

CONQUESTS ON THE FIELD

THE COMMANDANT AND STAFF AT KINGSTON.—The monster drum in the background.

CHILDHOOD'S VOICES!

— AND —

"Some Women's Weary World."

MRS. BOOTH'S SPECIAL SPHERE—THREE INSTITUTIONS AFFORD REFUGE FOR THE ILL-FATED INNOCENTS—THE RESCUE HOME—WOMEN'S SHELTER—SLUM HOME.

THE RESCUE HOME

WITH ITS NURSERY.

"A fearful gift upon thy heart is laid,
 Whence I—power to suffer and to love,
 Therefore thou canst pity."

—Mrs. Hume.

"LET NOT MY CHILD BE A GIRL,
 for very and is the life of a woman."
 So runs the mournful refrain of a
 prairie poem.

Here in the Rescue Home one trembles
 as one catches the same dull
 echo, beating with hapless monotony
 through chapter after chapter.

"SADDERFUL STORIES—oh, sorrowful!" sighed Adjutant Hums. "Tell
 you some?—but there are so many,
 I don't know where to begin!"

The same sad history, over, and
 over, and over: And yet some of the
 ones are so beautiful in their sad-
 ness!

THE FACTS in each one are soon
 told—they are short enough, but who
 can fill in the space between the lines?
 Who can sound the depths of angu-
 ish that penetrate the soul and

Turn to Stone the Tender Heart

of the girl when she wakes from her
 dream and finds herself betrayed—
 despised—FALLING! An outcast,
 through the one to whom, with her
 trustful, confiding nature, she has
 abandoned herself in the whole de-
 votion of her throbbing soul! With
 her limitless power of idealism cast-
 ing a halo of hero-worship round
 some foul-hearted scoundrel, who
 leaves her with her innocence de-
 ceived, and lost forever!

One grows so weary with its eter-
 nal repetition.

—Oxo—

"I cannot have their time to fall,
 And there is winter at the world's death,
 And place to set—but all—
 They have all seen a thing once, O that!"

IN THE BLUE AND GOLD COT,
 with its story of the faded Violet,
 another little child was laid, a tiny,
 weary tumbler, adrift on the river
 of death, floating away on its quiet
 current into a breathless sleep.

Close under the window, where
 every least stir of the summer breeze,
 blowing over the lake, could answer

The Faint Heaving of the Fluttering Chest

pulsing up and down.
 Oh, Death, with your stern, old
 face, WHY did you pinch those little
 features?—WHY should you damp
 that forehead, and glaze those pretty
 eyes, till you print the reflection of
 your own strange likeness on the face
 of an infant of a year?

What incongruous mystery! A
 DYING CHILD!

"Poor baby!" repeated the Adjutant,
 as the twirling, wren fingers
 closed upon one of hers in mute help-
 lessness. "Poor baby-boy, he has
 suffered all his little life. We thought
 he must have died long ago, but I'm
 very glad he stayed—her baby has
 been Katie's salvation! He helped us
 to keep track of her: her love for her
 suffering infant has held her to us;
 her sorrow has helped to make a new
 woman of Katie."

"When first she came she was one
 of the most independent and high-
 spirited tempers I've ever dealt with.
 She was a girl who WOULD NOT
 OBEY! She came of a good family,

too. She had been well-educated, but
 I've seen her

Cry from Pure Passion

when I've talked to her. Now, by
 degrees, her love for her baby has
 entered her willful, stubborn spirit
 and brought her down to the common.
 Her disposition is just as different
 now—so soft, and docile, and teach-
 able."



"Something to love, to rest upon,
 To clasp affection's tender round."

"What a long, tedious while it is
 before some people will let their
 proud, haughty wills be broken by
 the Lord!" added the Adjutant.

—Oxo—

"Then mute and broken-hearted
 T. is a cold a-moment of the grave departed."

"THIS," continued our guide, mov-
 ing to another of the dozen cradles,
 "this is Bertha's child. I shall never
 forget her self-remorse. She was her
 mother's cherished daughter, her
 father's right hand, in a home of
 comfort and peace."

"It was the usual tale,
 but the man deceived and left her."

When the awful truth burst in all
 its terror upon her, the wronged girl
 felt she could never endure to face
 the shame and disgrace she must
 bring upon her friends. So she slipped
 away unknown, to the strange city,
 away from the place where her in-
 nocent childhood had passed, away
 from those who had nurtured and
 shielded her, away to brave alone a
 contemptuous world.

Haunted with Her Shame.

IN TORONTO she found a situation.
 In vain her people sought for her.
 For there was no more sound
 or sign of poor, lost Bertha.

But the mother pined, and grieved,
 and faded away in the agony of un-
 certainty, whilst her gray-haired hus-
 band brooded with her.

Meanwhile, from the hospital, Ber-
 tha entered our home. Obstacled
 she refused to write her people. It
 would kill her mother to know, she
 said.

At last a letter reached her.

That Mother was Dead.

Died grieving, with never a parting
 word or a kiss of forgiveness for the
 erring child!
 Oh, Bertha wept bitter tears upon
 that letter! Then

Her Desolate Old Father Pleaded

with her to come home to him. I
 thought it best she should return,
 and now he clings to her as he can
 scarcely let her a step from his sight.
 Such a nice girl, too, nothing flighty
 or frivolous about her, like some of
 them, who try to laugh it off.

"You good-for-nothing, you!" one
 of the others said, throwing the past
 up at her.

"Oh, DON'T tell me that!" she
 groaned, "I know it only too well."

And so they do. That's the diffi-
 culty. Some grow hard and bitter in
 their disappointment; one cannot
 bring them to take heart again. Hope
 has left them. One has to drag them
 out of a fathomless abyss of despair,
 with their tame-born babies.

—Oxo—

"What do p wounds ever closed without a scar?
 The heart a blood wound, and but lead to wear
 That which disfigures it."

"What touched me strangely was
 the Christ-like spirit of one lady who
 called with a girl. She seemed al-
 most uncharitably in her sweet forgive-
 ness and Divine pity. This girl had
 got into trouble through her hus-
 band. Somewhere outside Toronto
 they had met. He proved a villain,
 and the girl knew nothing that he
 was a married man. Deceived with
 his flatterings words, she became
 wrapt up in him, and followed him
 to the city to look for work. He
 visited her at the house until her
 mistress suspected and dismissed her.

Then if that villain—IT MAKES
 ONE'S BLOOD BOIL!—didn't take her
 to the house of his wife with a man-
 ed story about having found a poor
 girl, friendless and homeless, in the
 city, and suggested that she should
 stay and work with them. The gen-
 tle, Christian woman took her in, kept
 her, and assisted her, whilst her hus-
 band was playing her false.

"At last the truth broke in upon
 her. She faced him with it till he
 came within the devil in him, and
 smashed almost everything in the
 house."

"By this time the foolish young
 girl had become so infatuated, so com-

pletely under his influence, that she
 cared for nothing and nobody. He
 hired a room and they passed as a
 married couple.

"At last her baby was born, and
 he left for Buffalo, sending her

A Cruel, Curt Letter,

telling her he could do nothing more
 for her now; she must shift for her-
 self."

"That story is nothing new—the
 incredible part is that when the for-
 gotten wife, left with a family to sup-
 port, heard of the girl's condition she
 sought her out, caring for her baby,
 and brought her to the Salvation Army
 Home, weeping over her like a pining
 angel. 'My poor girl!' she said."

—Oxo—

"MANY was another. Here was a
 really beautiful character, a case of
 devoted, worshipping innocence de-
 ceived under promises of marriage.
 "Still another was close to her
 wedding-day, with her tresses all
 ready. The broken-hearted girl gave
 quite a few of her things to the
 home. Her mother brought her own
 daughter, a little thing in her baby
 in short skirts even. The poor child

Sobbed, and Clung Round Her Neck

till the mother asked us to kneel and
 pray. She could not keep her at
 home on account of her stepfather's
 wrath at the disgrace.

"Is it any wonder if we cannot
 rear none of these ill-starred ex-
 amples, born with eyes-lid red through
 their young mother's weeping?"

—Oxo—

"Still, it isn't all dark—there's a
 great deal of cheer about this work,
 a silver lining to the cloud."

"This dear baby, Joe, his mother is
 a bright Salvation soldier in service
 now. Often she exclaims, 'Oh, what
 would have become of me if there
 had been no place where some one
 cared for my soul!'"

"To-day, too, I had a letter from
 the first rescue case I ever helped—
 away in Victoria. She is doing beau-
 tifully, although for eight years she
 had been following the downward
 road."

—Oxo—

So stands the Parkdale Rescue
 Home, by the lake side, among the
 plum trees and the apples, where the
 pure, beautiful air moves the

Blooming Grasses, Snowed Over with Marguerites,

and ankle deep in ruddy clover. Yet
 some persons by the railway, em-
 bowered deep amongst the rising
 mountain ash trees and the maples,
 where the birds still keep high hold-
 day.

—Oxo—

But this is only one of SEVEN SIM-
 ILAR INSTITUTIONS in the Dom-
 ion, where, during six months, over
 two hundred girls have been admit-
 ted and nearly fifty children in the
 nurseries attached. In addition, a
 hundred and fifty girls have had tem-
 porary assistance, and babies, too.
 Some have become soundly converted,
 some have gone to situations, some
 to the hospital, and some, clothed
 and in their right minds, have been
 restored to their people.

THE MAJORITY of these inmates
 come personally seeking admission;
 others are brought by friends, whose
 faith runs high in our system and
 principles. Some are received from
 the Police Court, the Jail, the Marine
 streets, and from houses of ill-fa-
 mous. Once safely within our walls,
 they learn to work. But, most of all,
 they are pointed to "the Lamb of
 God, which taketh away the sin of
 the world."

"Earth Has No Sorrow that
 Heaven Cannot Heal."





THE SALVATION ARMY

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.
A Journal devoted to the salvation of the lost and
the glorification of the saved, together with the propaga-
tion of the Salvation Army in all places.
Address all communications to the Editor, Salva-
tion Army Headquarters, Toronto.

We win. **!!!!!!**
Glory to God! **!!!!!!**

"Be strong and of a good courage."
!!!!!!
The records of the fight show that we realize the value of our open-air privileges. **!!!!!!**

Through the open-air meetings at Hamilton a man who had in his possession some stolen property became so awakened to his true condition that he handed gold property to the Army authorities at Toronto for them to return to the owner. He also sought forgiveness from God, and is now doing well. **!!!!!!**

The Commandant still forges ahead. Occasional reports of his meetings, which appear in the pages of the Cry, give no adequate idea of the amount of work he daily grapples with, nor of the large proportion of each consecutive twenty-four hours he devotes to the affairs of the kingdom of Jesus Christ. His last week-end was spent at Peterboro. No reports are at present obtainable of the meetings there, but on Dominion Day an unusually good time was experienced in the meeting the Commandant led on the camp ground. **!!!!!!**

Our front rank warrior, Major Jewer, is no better, rather worse. Cheer up, Major. Your comrades are still praying for you. Trust on, Mrs. Jewer.

"Behind a frowning Providence
He hides a smiling face."
!!!!!!

Mrs. Colonel Endie, we regret to say, is not recovering. Only very faint hopes can be entertained of her recovery by human aid. Colonel Endie, an old comrade in Canada's early Salvation fight, has our tender sympathy. May the great God sustain him now, and may the Good Shepherd smooth Mrs. Endie's couch of pain, and enable her all the way to say, "I will fear no evil." **!!!!!!**

Holiness is the abolition of sin, the doing of righteousness and the enlightenment of God. It is harmony; it is health; it is union; it is victory; it is joy unspenakable and full of glory. It is the work of the Holy Ghost, begun in pardon and adoption, made complete through body, and soul, and spirit in full salvation, and brought to perfection in the maturity and fruitfulness of an obedient heart and a consecrated life.

The power of holiness is the Eternal God. The way of holiness is straight and leads to the cross. The testimony of holiness convicts the sinner. The fruit of holiness is love. The test of holiness is hard work and real sacrifices for the salvation of the bodies and souls of men. Its watchword is "Others."

If holiness is possible anywhere, to any one, at any time, it must be possible everywhere, to every one, and all the time, and therefore to you and just now. Desire it above everything else. Seek it before everything else. Pay the price marked on it—

Wells' : Hill : Camp,

TORONTO.

CROWDS—LIBERTY—CONVERSIONS.

Colonel Holland Leads off—Has a Boiling-Over Time—Sees Souls Saved—The Commandant Leads Two Great Fights on Dominion Day and Five Persons Volunteer for Salvation—Major Complin Leads the Musical Go.

The Camp Meetings on Wells' Hill are a splendid success. The spirit manifested by soldiers and Christian people generally has been all that could be desired. This has made an excellent impression on the crowds who attend the meetings. There are 25 families camping on the hill this year, all converted people, thus making it

A HEAVEN ON EARTH.

There are two or three meetings held every day. The first week-end was conducted by COLONEL HOLLAND, assisted by HQ. BAND. It was prophesied that such grand meetings were the forerunners of glorious times—souls being saved, and a regular boiling-over time.

On Dominion Day the Commandant conducted two grand meetings in a full tent. The afternoon meeting was a rouser. When the Commandant entered the tent all the people stood to their feet and fired volley after

volley. The attack resulted in the salvation of FIVE SOULS. At night the Commandant was assisted by the new Headquarters' String Band. The meeting was full of life and our leader in excellent spirits. He spoke with great feeling and power, finishing the day with a real, old-time wind-up.

Our expectations are running high for next week-end, which the Commandant leads.

The last meeting held to date was a musical meeting, conducted by Major Complin, assisted by Headquarters' Staff Band, which was much appreciated by a good audience. A young man got saved at the end of the meeting.

Our camp meetings are not at all behind any that have been held previously, our tent being twenty feet larger than in former days.

The campers are in a happy condition. Prayer meetings held all over the ground. MAJOR HOWELL.



CAPT. and Mrs. Punt, the Eastern Provincial Light Brigade Agents, recently married at Ottawa by the Commandant.

nothing less than the sun total of your year, and begin now to believe God is true, and you shall have it. He is faithful. I have proved it—W. Bramwell Booth.

!!!!!!

The profits accruing from our transactions in the soul-saving business will be computed, not from the quantity of our service, but from the quality; the spirit of our work will determine our success here, and then at the day of account the "gold" will be that which has come from right-spirited labor. — Staff-Captain Allan G. Fisher.

!!!!!!

A clean heart will produce a clean life; and if we go forward with a clean heart, a single eye and a living faith, God must be glorified in and through us; souls must and shall be converted. I have a clean heart.—Commissioner D. M. Rees.

MISS McDONALD has been appointed to the West Ontario Headquarters.

(o)-(o)-(o)

EX-CAPTAIN MARTIN, who assisted Major Morris as scribe in Newfoundland, is now lieutenant at the Parkdale Rescue Home.

GAZETTE.

PROMOTIONS—

Captain *Ala. Criddle*, chief assistant Newfoundland Province, to be ENSIGN.
Captain *W. J. Payne*, Eastern District, to be ENSIGN.
Lieutenant *J. Leger*, Harbor Grace, to be Captain at Bird Island Co.
Lieutenant *Russell*, Pelly's Island, to be Captain at Grosvenor.
Lieutenant *Cobb*, Carleton, to be Captain at Grosvenor Island.
Lieutenant *S. Mercer*, St. John's, to be Captain at Briggs.
Lieutenant *G. Thompson*, Bird Island Co., to be Captain at Carleton.
Lieutenant *McLellan*, Grosvenor, to be Captain at Grossa Neck.
Cadet *E. Talley*, Old Fort, to be Captain at Trinity.
Cadet *G. Green*, Channah, to be Captain at Old Fort.
Cadet *A. Shepherd*, Carleton, to be Lieutenant at Old Fort.
Cadet *A. Forward*, St. John's, to be Captain at Carleton.
Cadet *R. Walker*, Trinity, to be Lieutenant at Bay Roberts.
Cadet *J. Bagg*, Kelly Cove, to be Lieutenant at Thule Island.
Cadet *Downey*, Halifax Social, to be Lieutenant.

APPOINTMENTS—

ENSIGN *McMillan*, Chief Secretary's office, to be Cadet, Territorial Headquarters, under the Capt. Smeaton.
ENSIGN *CRITCHTON*, chief assistant, Newfoundland Province, to be District Officer, Trinity Bay District.
ENSIGN *PAYSE*, Eastern District, to be District Officer, Southern District, Newfoundland.
ENSIGN *CRITCHTON*, D. O. Trinity Bay District, to be D. O. Northern District, Newfoundland.
ENSIGN *GOODY*, D. O. Northern District, to be District Officer, Eastern District, Newfoundland.
Cadet *Forbes*, to be assistant, East Ontario Province, to the Secretary's Office.
Lieutenant *R. G.*, assistant West Ontario Province, to be Territorial Headquarters.

HENRY H. BURN.

Brigadier Margetts,

AND

Major and Mrs. Complin AT PARIS.

Captain Whelan and Lieut. Hollett made the War Cry editor and his wife feel welcome as soon as they got off the cars at Paris. When Brigadier Margetts and Captain Creighton arrived at the officers' quarters a musical programme was soon fixed for the evening meeting.

The open-air, in point of numbers, attention, and financial help, a wonder. So was the inside meeting. The Brigadier discoursed on uttermost salvation right gleefully in the barracks, and the editor tried hard to get some people to come to the penitential form, but failed. It was a capital "go," though.

THE SALVATION NAVY.

The "William Booth's" Tour—Visit to the States.

TOLEDO, O.

Monday morning finds us pulling out from Windsor for Monroe, O. Monroe is a place that neither fears God nor man. We trust their hearts may be touched by the pleading influence of the Gospel. The sail across the lake was the best of the season, for with a good stiff breeze our little boat wafted along, and all with merry hearts and smiling faces, we enjoyed the rolling of the boat. We reached Amherstburg, and here we were received with open arms. We spent three days in Amherstburg, and profitable ones they were, marching the barracks all the time. We left and playing, and practising. For Toledo, O., early on Friday morning and arrived there shortly after dinner. The people were expecting us and we were received with some amount of display. God bless Toledo. We marched through the city on arriving, and formed up at the barracks at 7 p.m. Our first appointment was in a large Methodist church. We held a good open-air and then proceeded to the church, where a goodly number were awaiting. We held a good, lively, salvation meeting. Our dear Adjutant read and, as usual, invited sinners to the cross, and we believe that good will follow our first attempt in Toledo. We will be here till Tuesday morning. Everybody pray for the Brigade.—J. V. A. & Co.

THE WIDE WORLD!

ENGLAND.

The General in Sweden, accompanied by Commissioner Booth-Tucker. Getting ready for his Indian, African and Australian campaigns.

Great staff change. Six P. O.'s and 20 D. O.'s under orders.

The Japanese pioneering party, under Brigadier Wright, preparing for transportation.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth conducts Bristol's Rescue Anniversary. Two largest churches crowded.

110 cadets on the march. At Holway, 47 souls.

UNITED STATES.

Commander and Mrs. Booth at Wilkesbarre. Magnificent donations for new hall, \$1,500.

Mrs. Colonel Endie sinking. All hopes of recovery abandoned.

New hall opened at Asbury Park. More arrests! Staff-Captain R. R. Cox at Colorado Springs, and women cadets at St. Louis, taken in patrol wagon.

INDIA.

Commissioner Rahmal and Colonel Rai Singh once more at the front.

Colonel Jai Bhai attacked by fever. Much better.

Staff-Captain Himmat Singh on the boom march.

J. D. SHARP, Pro. Sec.

"Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood."



SCOTCH BOB, MODERN PRODIGAL.

A Serial Story.

"Likewise I say unto you there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."



H. MY BEAUTIFUL NAME! Oh, the purple heather, and the scattered fern and broken, waist deep, and the pine trees, they smell so sweet in the summer! AND THE DRIER, and the rabbits scudding, and the grouse among the heather. I remember it all so well. Oh, what possessed me to leave such a home! A land of poetry and legend, with its stories of Rob Roy, and we hunted in the blood of the Macgregors.

I remember the picture of our own house as it hung on the wall. A big old, square mansion in Aberdeen—"THE SILVER CITY." It was called, built of white granite mica, flashing in the sunset, you could see it miles away, all greyish-white, or whitish grey. You know, it is built right there upon the estuary of the two rivers—the Dee and the Don.

The Old University Town,

full of historical association. Oh, what privilege! I was there over a boy started out with greater chances than I had?

But my father always said there was "a kink in my moral nature."

And the old Brig o' Don is mentioned in poems as the most beautiful in the Kingdom, spanning a very deep pool in the river.

There was a legend about that bridge, it was prophesied:

"Gin a mare's no foal,
An' a mither's no son,
Gang ower the Brig o' Don,
Then it shall fa'."

Our countryman was no superstitious man, he refused to drive over that bridge because he said he was "a mither's no son," and consequences might be disastrous.

MY GRANDFATHER was a West Indian merchant, who owned a large sugar plantation on the Island of Guadalupe, but at the time of the abolition of slavery, and owing to a drop in the price of sugar, he became insolvent. His property went into chancery, and there it remains to this day.

I distinctly remember THE DEALINGS OF THE DEVIL, with me in those boyhood days. I remember he pined me with endless temptations to sin. But the first I can recollect of being dealt with the devil, was once when I was severely reprimanded by my father for my behavior in church. Ours was a big, old, square, family pew, and whilst he was listening to the sermon I tried to crawl under the seat, and remember the old bundle who used to walk up that aisle in the "dim, religious light," with its intense silence, and a certain smell of the vault or the tomb.

That Solemn-Visaged Beadle

used to meet my father and the rest of us at the door, with a consequential air, as we stepped down from the carriage and entered the porch. It was a part of his duty to show people to their seats. He would swing open the gate of the pew for us and close it with the little awl, after that he would descend to some regions below to fetch the old Bible. He would gravely place it upon the pulpit cushion, and re-descend to usher the minister solemnly up from the vestry, close the gate, and take

his seat in the front and go to sleep in his rusty, black old coat.

Oh, but the Scotch are the people who know how to appreciate a good sermon; listen for an hour and never stir, no still that you could hear a pin drop. They had no use for a sermon unless it had some profound argumentative thread running through it. It's something of a temptation to this day to me to give way to a controversial spirit, and what is it the Apostle Paul says?—"Avoid foolish and unlearned questions, for they breed strifes." I often have to pull myself up, even now, arguing.

But the singing impressed me. I always was sensitive to music, only it was so slow.

"All—po—pie—th—th—earth—do—well!" But it was a strain to whistle: "Ye manna whistle on the Sabbath day, fiddle," they told me.

When I visited my house years after, I found myself running ahead of the congregation all the time.

I WAS THE YOUNGEST of six children living, four boys and two girls. MY FATHER was a retired officer in Her Majesty's service, holding the rank of Major. He was invalided home just previous to the Indian war, several of our family were born in India before he returned home to the west of Scotland.



"WE BOASTED OUR DESCENT FROM THE KINGS OF SCOTLAND."

Oh, the pride of birth in those old Scotch families, and amongst the clans, with all their

Boast in Hereditary Nobility!

what did it do for me? Oh, how shall I tell what depths I sink to—what was it possessed me? To think that I broke my father's heart, and whitened his head! God forgive me! The motive held out to me to do right was most of all that I might not disgrace the good name of our family descent, for on both sides we boasted our descent from the kings of Scotland. I remember the queer, old family pictures—the rooms were full of them.

We children were kept in the nursery. We had our meals there; we were only allowed down after dinner at night a little while, and on Sunday we dined at noon, after the stately church service. Always a cold dinner: nothing was cooked on Sunday unless it was the potatoes boiled, or soup warmed up, with cold meat cooked the day before. And father repeated a verse of Scripture, whilst

all of us children in turn said one we had learnt beforehand.

But, oh, I had A TERROR OF A TEMPER! I would bite, and scratch, and tear the nurse's face to pieces if I could. I was so obstinate they never make me say I was sorry. I would die almost before I would give in. They would keep me shut up without food until I was really so hungry I couldn't hold out any longer. Then I would say I was sorry; but it was simply to get something to eat, not from any sense of Godly sorrow, that worketh repentance, oh, dear, no! I would do it again and soon as the claims of nature were satisfied.

Outside there was a beautiful bed of

Rhododendrons, Double Crimson and White

—father always was fond of gardening. There, near the stable, I came near killing my brother in my ungovernable, reckless passion. I struck him on the head with a deep cut near the eyes, he carried the scar long afterwards. I got a licking that day. My lickings were always pre-faced with a sermon, but I do remember the licking.

But here I want to say, with deep emphasis that all I have owe to MY FATHER, my grand-old father. All I have of anything that is manly or good, I trace to my ideal of my father. He was a magnificent man, with his firm-set mouth, square, high forehead, and military form.

And, oh! GOD FORGIVE ME! To think that I broke his heart! God help me!

My father was very careful with our boyhood training. When we were in nursery days he would call to himself, regularly and early, into his own room. After we had taken our cold plunge every morning, he would make me get down at his knees and say our Our Father and I put grey hairs into his hair.

His love was great, but God's, I suppose, was greater.

The remembrance of the love of my earthly parents helped me later to believe it was possible God Almighty could forgive me.

It was not for want of

Every Chance to be Good

and noble that I went wrong afterwards.

How shall I tell it all—my sin! What a change for me, to that little shack in the Northwest compared to my beautiful, old, Scotch home, with its wide hall-way, with the stained glass windows, and the crest, with our family motto: "Spera spera labor." "Hope helps labor." I remember well how one day a drunken countryman drove against the wall and broke the coping-stone.

When I was IN MY TEENS father moved into a house in the country a little way out of the city of Aberdeen.

I never drank. I never knew the taste of whiskey. I tremble to think what I should have become with my fierce temper. That was thanks to my father. He was a big, stout man in every family to take a little wine, and ours was no exception to the rule. But Francis Murphy came lecturing to the city on the Blue Ribbon Crusade. Father was convicted, and gave it up. I would that the wine cellars were empty, and that the decanters were not in the big, heavy mahogany sideboard. One side of this cupboard the butter and honey and such like, were kept, and on the other the wine, and there I used to steal the nuts whenever I had the chance—when the butter had forgotten to lock up the sherry and madeira. When I was forced to eat with a good fork or none at all, I used to enforce up our own old lovely silverware, and the delicate china, especially one set of

Wedgewood, Worth Its Weight in Gold.

What a way poor father was in when a hired girl fell with a tray full of it, and smashed it. He scoured the county round to make it up in vain. None had the same old, old enamel, with its antique, yellow tinge. Sometimes, after society gatherings, we boys would catch the butler coming out of the room where the company were, and coax him to let us

taste the champagne. But I never liked it, and father gave it up as soon as he stepped into the light—he had always followed the light as he had life.

(To be continued.)

Hurray for Grand Forks!

A Glorious Break at Major Bennett's Welcome.

35 SOULS!

Last Saturday, Captain Kemp, Fort Snelling, and I, took the train for Grand Forks, North Dakota. After travelling for some time, we passed through some of the most beautiful country I ever saw, not for rocks, rivers and picture scenery, but a land flowing with milk and honey. It looked like our garden field, from the boundary to the city, of grain in splendid condition, thousands of acres as far as the eye could reach on each side of the track. I thought what a blessing a lot of work ever made or get out of this, which was, only a few years ago, a wild, vast prairie. Before we got to our destination we had to run through several nice towns, where we were welcomed by Pembina, N.D., where we have arranged camp meetings next month, and are expecting wonderful times. There is also Drayton, a growing place of industry, which I hope will soon be large enough for us to open. Then comes Grafton, a place with a population of nearly three thousand. This place is ripe unto harvest, and it is only the lack of officers that the Gospel drum opening at once. The Gospel drum will be soon heard in the streets.

We arrived at Grand Forks, a fine city of about eight thousand inhabitants, and were welcomed by a crowd of uniformed soldiers, who soon made us feel we were in the land of the free. They were most happy to see us. Bro. Klingman took us to supper, where we saw his soldier-wife busy making the good things ready for us. After supper we met the soldiers at the hall for the opening. We had a large ring of soldiers and a great crowd of sinners listened to the salvation offered to the two cities. In Grand Forks we had the large hall almost full and at the close of the meeting we saw four souls cry for mercy.

Sunday there was a fine turn-out to knee drill, and at the business meeting twenty-three came out for the blessing of a clean heart, and two for salvation. In the afternoon meeting four more sought God and went away rejoicing, and at night two more found salvation.

We had good crowds all day. The soldiers turned out well, and were full of fire for the salvation of the sinner.

Monday night was a great success. The soldiers came up well, and we had a long march through East Grand Forks, which is in the State of Minnesota. The Red river, which is the boundary line of the two States, runs through the two cities. In Grand Forks proper there are no saloons. It is a fine, energetic business town, with a large number of the stone and brick buildings, but East Grand Forks has recently got a bad case of gambling, and every thing that is wrong is done through the Army, and who showed me the greatest possible kindness.

Mrs. Major Bennett is to visit this corps July 20, 21, and 22, and she will have a good time.

Nanaimo

Corps History.

When the news of the discovery of coal became known to the world, miners speedily flocked to it from other parts, and the Nanaimo camp grew in a very short time into a town of no small size and importance.

Enterprising Tradesmen

Soon established every business except that of interest to the soul, chief among them the liquor traffic. It was a typical mining town. There was plenty of work, plenty of beer, and plenty of money, and these seemed to be the three essentials to live with. Intelligent was very little thought of by the majority of the hard-working miners, whose great ambition was to earn money and greater pleasure to spend it.

The saloons were the only places of amusement, and into these they would flock night after night. About the time of the coal company's payday the sounds of reveling and drunkenness could be heard from one end of the town to the other. Many a man has made more than one fortune in those days, and spent it behind those swing doors.

The dire wickedness and God-fearlessness was utterly appalling to the few faithful followers of the lowly Nazarene, for though they struggled bravely for God and right, they were sadly in the minority, and felt that their efforts to stem the current of sin were almost, if not altogether, fruitless in comparison with the visible results of those who were seeking not to elevate but lower these

Victims of the Devil in Solution.

Thank God, times have changed since then, and despite the fact that over twenty saloons are licensed by the city to keep thirty ones supplied with intoxicating liquor, to combat this evil several temperance lodges exist which are doing considerable work in agitating, and also by talking for legislation in favor of the suppression of the drink traffic.

The Y. M. C. A. and the W. C. T. U. are also actively engaged in the battle for right. Members of these organizations are largely drawn from the different city churches, of which there are two Church of England, two Presbyterian, two Methodist, one Baptist, and one Roman Catholic. Last, but by no means least, comes the S. A., where many who were once bound by the chains of drink and sin have found deliverance from the power of their enemy, and testify to-day of being kept.

A miner's life, in any part of the world, is

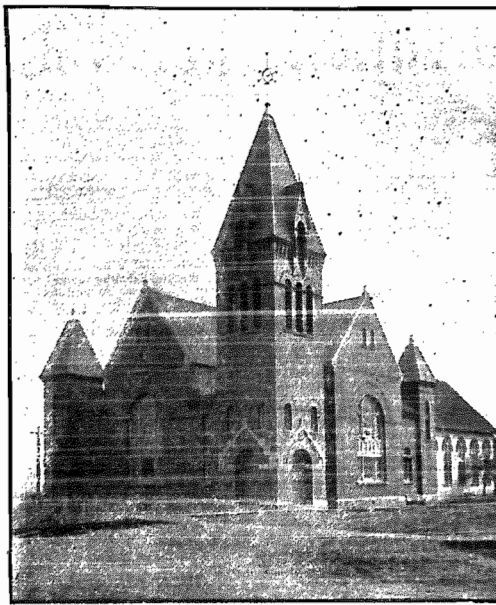
Fraught with Danger,

and many a brave fellow has been called away from this world while at work some hundreds of feet below the surface.

It might be noted that the N. V. C. G. mines have suffered fewer explosions than the majority of those in other lands, which have been working the same length of time.

All modern improvements, both for the comfort and convenience of the men who toil there day after day, and safeguards against accident have been introduced.

No. 1, the principal shaft, situated



PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, Nanaimo, where the General held his Social Meeting

at the southern end of Nanaimo, is nearly seven hundred feet deep, and the descent in the huge iron cage can be accomplished in less than a minute. Here are located the company's offices, the power house for the subterranean electric tramway, and the stabling accommodation for the mules.

Visitors are allowed the privilege of descending this shaft, with permission from the superintendent, Mr. Samuel M. Robbins, who has always been a practical friend to the S. A. since their opening, and his financial aid has been willingly given towards the erection of the present barracks.

Among the many who have taken the advantage of exploring this underground region are some prominent in Army circles, and the pages of the War Cry have already been graced with a photograph of our Canadian leader, (commandant Booth), and Staff, in mining costume; also a sketch from his pen giving an account of their experience while down the shaft.

To those unaccustomed to the workings of the mine it seems but an

Intricate Net-Work of Passages,

through which the boxes loaded with coal are continually being run from the different levels to the shaft.

Some of the miners work two or three miles from the bottom of the shaft, and if they should be once shut off from access to it or the protection shaft (which is connected with No. 1 through underneath the harbor) escape would be impossible, and, notwithstanding every precaution, accidents common to coal mines frequently happen, often attended with loss of life.

Three large explosions have hap-

pened in the mines in Nanaimo district. On the occasion of their taking place, many homes were bereaved and light hearts crushed with sorrow.

The first was at Wellington, on the 17th of April, 1879, when twelve men were killed.



LIEUT. HURST and SIS LOUIE SMITH, War Cry donors.

The next was in No. 1, May 3rd, 1887, and was known as

A Dust Explosion.

Its results were terrible. One hundred and forty-eight men were imprisoned, with no chance of escape. With two or three exceptions, the bodies were all recovered and identified by sorrowing loved ones, but the others remain there to this day. Of the number killed, ninety-six were white men and fifty-two Chinamen.

The next year another took place at Wellington on the 24th of January, when sixty-eight were ushered from time into eternity, thirty-one white men and the remainder Chinamen.

No pen could picture the heart-rending scenes that took place at this time. Nanaimo was indeed a sorrowing city. Thank God, many took warning and started to live for Heaven.

IN THE SPRING OF 1888 large bills posted about the city announced that the Salvation Army would open fire on May 20th. Some of the citizens became quite uneasy, and some prophesied that the town was to be destroyed.

The eventful day arrived, and with it the Captain and Lieutenant (now Capt. Richardson, of Bradford, Ont.) When the people saw that instead of

The Expected Regiment,

only two harmless lads had come to make war in Nanaimo, fear subsided. Nevertheless, in the first few meetings, those that valued their respectability kept at a safe distance, and when they ventured inside the barracks it was to take seats as near the door as possible.

But leaning on that promise, "My God shall supply all your need," the brave pair went ahead, the town hall was rented and fitted up as a barracks, while the back of the building was used as quarters.

The fighting at first was desperately hard, the Lieutenant being forced to work in the mines to keep down expenses, but the God who had sent them there did not let them want.

A few kind friends gathered round and became "ministering spirits" to their temporal needs. Of these, our friend, Mrs. Forest, was most untiring in her efforts to help and cheer the two who had come as

God's Messengers.

God bless her. Crowds did not flock to the meeting forum during the first month, for, be it known, the Nanaimo people do a little thinking before they embrace any new-fangled idea, but the two officers felt, when after almost three months' fighting they gained the first convert, that victory was on their side.

(To be continued.)

'Watchman, What of the Night?'

The earth lieth sick with sorrow and pain.

And no healer heal her slightly;
'Tis little they reck of the plague within,
Or the mortal wounds unsightly.

There's sovereign balm for the sufferer still—

But alas, if it be not taken!
There's pardon for sinners, whoever will,
But only for sin forsaken.

Who loveth a life, though he feign it white,

Is a slave to the great life-father;
Who doeth a wrong, though he count it slight,
Is in league with rapine and murder.

Who seeketh the truth, who pleadeth for ruth,

Hath God and His angels behind him;
Who saveth a soul—in the glorious roll
Of the ages, a prince ye shall find him.

Choose heaven or hell! They are everywhere,

And the eyes that be opened have seen them;
Their messengers throng in the thoroughfare,
Not a foot may tread between them.

For malice and might, for God and the right,

They have pressed on the soul's fair portal;
The demons of darkness, the angels of light,
Contend for a spirit immortal.

And queen of their passionate quest is she,

In the terrible hour of her choosing.
For the will of the heart is the silver key
Of an infinite winning or losing:

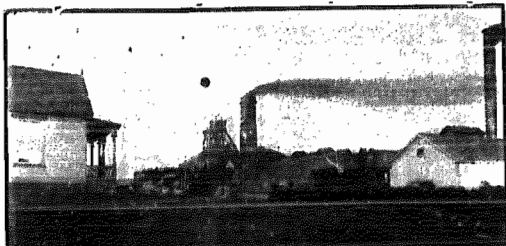
The Infinite Love will not force her hand,

And they dare not—those regions infernal—
Wulf's waiting and pleading they see Him stand
For the troth of espousal eternal.

If she will—if she will—there is heaven for her still,

Though hell in the foreground rages;
For the feeblest may cling to the cross of our King,
And be safe in the Rock of Ages.

H. E. C.
Written especially for the War Cry.



NANAIMO COAL MINES—No. 1 Shaft.

Field Officers' Column

WRITTEN BY

AN F. O. FOR F. O's.

I received the following interesting letter, which is well worth publishing as the notes on "how to sell the War Cry."—Ed.

MONCTON, June 25, 1895.

Dear Major:—

I enclose my way of pushing the Cry. I haven't done so well as many officers, but God has helped me to sell them wherever I have been. The last two years I have never been very able to do much of either Cry selling or visiting. My body is not very strong. I do as much as I can in helping the others. There is no excuse for officers with any ability for not selling Cry. If they have an interest in the sales and are saved from pride and fear, they can sell them. The reduction in the number of us much, at the same time we will have to work to sell out the number supplied. God bless you. Yours faithfully,

EMILY BRADLEY.

Ensign can be a good Cry seller, too. I shouldn't say "has been," as he is off now with a bundle to the train carrying the volunteers off to drill.

How to Sell Cry.

I don't think I can do so well as many officers can, but I have been able to raise my sales in a number of places since I came in the field ten and a-half years ago.

READ IT YOURSELF. When it comes to counsel in the territories, then the best articles should be read and songs looked over.

TAKE IT VISITING. You can sell a Cry when you visit, often, that you couldn't if you didn't push it in that way.

CUSTOMERS. In big places my Lieutenants sold these best on Thursdays, sometimes Fridays (a.m.)

STORES, etc. Friday, a.m.

MARKETS, Saturday, a.m.

BAR-ROOMS, Saturday afternoons.

Of late years I did these myself. I loved this work. Sometimes 'twas a task to start, but it gave such opportunities to speak to souls, and brought such blessing to my own.

BRIGADIER. I never had any, but whenever I could, I put in sergeants to take districts after we had worked them up.

MEETINGS. War Cry meetings can be held successfully since the Cry is so needed. Admission has been made to the meeting from its pages. Nothing to blinder this from being a good hit. Ordinary meetings should bring the Cry to the front, for singing at least.

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Salvation Forever! MISSING

Tunes—Anything for Jesus, "B.J." 70; Onward, Christian soldiers, "B.J." 35.

On the cross of Calvary, Jesus died for me,
There He bled and suffered that I
Might be free.
When He cried, "Tis finished," all
great debt was paid,
'Twas for me He carried thorns up-
on His head.

Chorus.

I will love Thee, Jesus, every day,
Come what may;
I will love Thee, Jesus, follow all the
way.

When I with I saw Him on the
cruel tree,
When I knew His dying was to set
me free,
Then I came, a sinner, at His feet I
fell.

Now I live to praise Him and His
goodness tell.
Sinner, won't you love Him, serve
Him while you may?
You are hastening downward, come
while yet 'tis day;
Soon you'll have to meet Him at the
great white throne,
Come while He is calling, come, there
still is room.

SISTER MRS. LICKMAN, Comber.

(*)-(*)-(*)

Tune—O do believe, Nativity, "B.J." 147; O, the voice, "B.J." 80, or
Ella Rhea, "B.J." 65.

Oh, Saviour, Jesus, can it be
For me Thy blood was shed?
Thy groans in dark Gethsemane,
The thorns upon Thy head?

Chorus.

I do believe, I will believe,
Thy blood was shed for me;
Now cleanse my heart and make me
pure,
And from all sin keep free.

methinks I see the murderous crowd
Stand at the judgment hall,
Who roll on Thee, Thou Son of God,
And for Barabbas call.

Oh, Lord, to Thee I humbly bow,
In agony of soul;
From all my idols purge me now,
And cleanse and make me whole.
D. F. McAMMOND, Ensign,
Bowmanville.

Tunes—Calcutta, "B.J." 29; Hark,
the Gospel news, "B.J." 77; Bread
of Heaven, "B.J." 207; Blessed
Lord, in Thine is refuge, "B.J." 51.

When, poor sinner, prostrate lying
On thy helpless, dying bed,
When thy life's last moments lying
Saw thee for the silent dead,
Where—unpardoned
Wilt thou hide thy guilty head?

All thy sins and crimes unnumbered
Will like horrid phantoms rise;
And thy conscience, which has slum-
bered,
Wake to reassert its cries.

Culprit, arriving,
While from God thy spirit flies.
Into that long, long forever,
Moaning, sighing, full of woe;
Tossed, yet making harbor never;
Wreathed, ruined, you must go:
Ever drifting,
While eternal billows flow!

But the lighthouse, mercy's beacon,
Streams of glory sheds afar;
Calvary's Christ to thee is speaking,
Come, and welcome, wanderer.
Trust Him, sinner,
He will save you as you are.

MAJOR COMPLIN.

(*)-(*)-(*)

OPEN-AIR SOLO.

Tune—God is near thee, "B.J." 69.
Deep down in sin thy feet have wan-
dered,
Far from your God your soul has
strayed;
God's offered mercy you have squan-
dered,
His tender voice you've not obeyed.

Chorus.

Listen sinner! Listen, sinner!
Don't you hear Him gently calling?
Listen, sinner, there is mercy,
Pardon offered full and free.

Deep down in sin you have fallen,
Into the pit of woe and shame;
But God can save the heavy-laden
If you will call upon His name.

Poor, weary one, your Saviour loves
you,
For you He died upon the tree,
For you He shed His blood, most pre-
cious,
Sinner, He tasted death for thee.

HANDSMAN GOODCHILD.

purity of heart. While the flag
waved over the company, the Cadet
came forward and sang, "The Preci-
ous Blood of Jesus." The obligations
taken by the recruits are similar to
those taken by all Christians, except-
ing that tobacco was placed next to
whiskey in category of evil. After
taking the vows and being entreated
to remain faithful, the regular meet-
ing was proceeded with.

Regina's Onward March.

God is still giving us victory. Hal-
lujah! The colors of the S. A. are
flying ahead of our march now every
night. We have a new drum, and
are beginning to look like the Salva-
tion Army. Soldiers getting into full
uniform and going in with all their
hearts to get others saved.

We had an enrolment of twelve re-
cruits, and a number more are about
ready to take their stand as soldiers.
SIX souls out for salvation and FIVE
for holiness in our last week's report.
Many more on the verge of yielding.
We marched out 22 strong yesterday.
Hallelujah! Captain Leeson and
Michell.

Soldiers of the King.

The first enrolment of recruits took
place on Friday evening last, when
twenty persons took upon themselves
the binding obligation of volunteers
for life in the fight against wrong.
The barracks was tastefully decorated
for the occasion and a large
audience was present to witness the
ceremony. The Captain proceeded to
give a short account of the workings
of the Salvation Army.
The large yellow, red, and blue flag
was unfurled and presented to the
corps, who had risen to their feet.
The colors of the flag are signifi-
cant, the yellow representing the fire
of the Holy Ghost, the red the blood
of Christ, and the blue emblematic of

Victory yesterday! Holy Ghost
times! FOUR cried for mercy!
Reading just now about the Derby
of the English Cry, I thought I
would let you know about our Derby
here on the 20th and 21st. We too,
here, had a good chance
to get a shot at the devil, so we held
three good, noon-day, open-air meet-
ings opposite the hotels. There were
all the sporting people in from miles
around, and God helped us to pour
out the Gospel truth to them. We
all got blessed, in fact, one brother
says he never put in such a good
week. I believe some work was done
for eternity. The people listened at-
tentively, and gave us a good col-
lection. One poor dupe of the devil
got put behind the prison bars for
trying to upset the meeting, and I
hear he had to pay a dollar and
a-half. I pray that God will save
him. There is a great hope of sal-
vation for drunks. We are expecting great
times at the camp-meetings next
week.

R. WILKINS, Capt.

All letter will be regarded as
strictly confidential, and must be ad-
dressed to Herbert H. Booth, Com-
mandant, S. A. Temple, Albert St.,
Toronto, with the word "Inquiry" on
the corner of the envelope.
FIFTY CENTS SHOULD ACCOM-
PANY APPLICATIONS.

1578.—McMENAMIN, JOHN — Left
Ireland and landed in Montreal in
1895. He is now about 80 years old.
His son, John, 8 Gomersy St., West-
moreland, is the enquirer. New York
Cry please copy.

1579.—JOHNSTON, JAMES, native
of Coldstream, Scotland. Was at one
time employed as brass finisher at
Woolwich Arsenal. Last heard of
eleven years ago making enquiries for
his aunt at Blyth, previous to going
to Canada. Send information to
above address.

1580.—WILLIAMS, MARY, aged 26;
rather short, dark hair and eyes;
native of Wales. Has lived in situa-
tion at Aldershot, which she left,
saying she was going to Southampton
and after that, to Canada. Send in-
formation to above address.

1582.—BLISSSETT, ROSA, Age about
17 or 18; medium height; light brown
hair; large eyes; fresh color. Was
put in the West London District
School, Ashford, near Sevenoaks, about
6 years ago, was sent from there to
Canada by Miss Rey. Last known ad-
dress, care of Mrs. Israel Smith, Nor-
pein Postoffice, Ontario. Enquirer
(brother) has sent several letters to
the above address, but has not received an-
reply. Send information to above
address.

1583.—McNEIL, MRS. (nee Baby
Meekiah). Left England 14 years ago.
Had a fancy drapery business at Galt,
Ont., in her maiden name. Married
a gentleman named McNeil. Sister
Sarah—enquirer.

1584.—SKARRATT, WILLIAM. Last
known address, care of Mr. Bassett,
Deseronto, Ont.; farm laborer. Father
enquires.

1585.—AMBLER, MRS. ROADER,
(nee Lizzie Flynn). Age about 27;
very dark; height about 5 ft. Last
address, 1000 Avenue Road, in left
living at Angus House, East Angus,
P. Q., Canada. Husband was then
working at the Electric Light Co.
Parents are very anxious for news.

1587.—WYATT, WILLIAM. Fair
complexion, black eyes, deep scar
under left eye. Address in left
went into "Dr. Barnado's Home" in
March, 1885, and was sent to Cana-
da on July 15, 1885; landed at Que-
bec on the 24th. He was sent to the
school, Hazelbore, Ont., and from
there to Woodville, Ont. Mr. Brown
then left and went to live with a
Mr. Simpson, Vanater; just heard of
in Nov., 1890. Supposed to be work-
ing on a farm. Mother enquires.

1588.—HANSEN, PETER AND
FREDERICK (wife). Native of
Denmark. Their address in 1893 was
398 10th Avenue, North Winnipeg,
Manitoba.

1589.—McKENNOLDS, ROLAY, age
54, 6 ft., puck-marked. Left Ros-
smore, Danganconn, Co. Tyrone, Ireland,
about 35 years ago, and went to
Rosemont, Ont. Large, Mr. Hugh
McEldowney (enquirer) enquirer.

IMPORTANT!

An enquiry comes from Cape Town,
South Africa, for CRISTIAN, PETER
ROSEWELL, who has not been heard
from for twelve months. Was then
living in Nelsonville, Ont. His mother
is very anxious; broken-hearted. Ad-
dress, Mrs. Lindley, Claremont, South
Africa.

WINE-BIBBING MONKEYS
A RICH DRUNKARD kept two
monkeys for his sport. Once he took
ed to his dining-room, where he had
his guests and left some wine, and
the two had mounted the table and
were helping themselves to the wine,
jabbering and gesticulating just as if
they had seen their master and his guests.
Soon the rich man entered and jumped
about; but at last they got to fight-
ing on the floor, and tearing out one
another's hair. The drunkard stood
in amazement. "What?" said he.
This was a picture of myself. Be-
cause I was a sober man.

Banged the Chinaman.

An Army Lasse Did Duty for Absent Police.

There were hundreds of people calmly
watching a company of young
brutes shamefully beating a Chinese
man, on a recent Saturday night, 7
p.m., in the east end of Montreal.

Going her weekly round War Cry
selling, Captain Terenoud had to
pass this mob, which attracted her
attention.
Seeing pushing through the crowd,
the French lassie gave the poor Cel-
estial a helping hand; and in spite of
jeers, scoffing and many threats, she
stood at his side protecting him from
further harm. When the hoodlums
left it was to pounce upon a poor,
drunken man, whom they cruelly mal-
treated.

Your correspondent called at the
industry of Sang Lee shortly after-
wards to enquire into the affair, and
was met by that young man, who,
in answer as to reason of the attack,
said: "Me no know. Me work, put
vases on board, many man, beat me.
Look!" Then he showed me his
wounded head, and showed me the
had received, "Belly and man."
"Were they drunk?" I queried. "Me
no think; too wicked for drunk." "Who
helped you?" I asked. "Lady solda,
bum, bum, bum," which he said in
earnest earnestness, imitating the
beating of a drum.

This is a so-called Christian coun-
try. What next?

(Get the fellows saved.—Ed.)